Me thought all his ſenſes were lockt in his eye,
As Iewels in Chriſtall for ſome Prince to buy. (glaſt,
Who tendring their own worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you paſt.
His faces owne margent did quote ſuch amazes,
That all eyes ſaw his eyes inchanted with gazes.
Ile giue you *Aquitaine*, all that is his,
And you giue him for my ſake, but one louing Kiſſe,
Prin. Come to our pauillion, *Boyet* is diſpoſde.
Bro. But to ſpeake that in words, which his eye hath diſcloſ'd.
I onely haue made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.
Lad.Ro. Thou art an old Loue-monger, and ſpeakeſt skilfully.
Lad. Ma. He is *Cupids* Grandfather, and learnes newes of him.
Lad. 2. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.
Boy. Do you heare my mad Wenches?
*Lad.*1. No.
Boy. What then, do you ſee?
*Lad.*2. I, our way to be gone.
Boy. You are too hard for me. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Braggart and Boy.

Song.

Bra. Warble child, make paſſionate my ſenſe of hearing.
Boy. Concolinel.
Brag. Sweet ayre, go tenderneſſe of yeeres: take this Key, giue enlargement to the ſwaine, bring him feſtinately hither: I muſt imploy him in a letter to my Loue.
Boy. Will you win your loue with a French braule?
Bra. How meaneſt thou brauling in French?
Boy. No my compleat maſter, but to Iigge off a tune at the tongues

tongues end, canarie to it with the feete, hum
ning vp your eye: ſigh a note and ſing a note ſo
the throate: if you ſwallowed loue with ſinging
through: noſe as if you ſnuft vp loue by ſmelling
hat penthouſe-like ore the ſhop of your eyes,
croſt on your thinbellie doublet, like a Rabbet o
hands in your pocket, like a man after the old
keepe not too long in one tune, but a ſnip and
complements, theſe are humours, theſe betra
that would be betrayed without theſe, and mak
note: do you note men that moſt are affected to
Brag. How haſt thou purchas'd this experien
Boy. By my pen of obſeruation.
Brag. But O, but O.
Boy. The Hobbie-horſe is forgot.
Bra. Cal'ſt thou my loue Hobbie-horſe.
Boy. No Maſter the Hobbie-horſe is but a
Loue perhaps a Hacknie:
But haue you forgot your Loue?
Brag. Almoſt I had.
Boy. Negligent ſtudent, learne her by heart,
Brag. By heart, and in heart Boy.
Boy. And out of heart Maſter: all thoſe three
Brag. What wilt thou proue?
Boy. A man, if I liue (and this) by, in, and
the inſtant: by heart you loue her, becauſe you
come by her: in heart you loue her, becauſe your
with her: and out of heart you loue her, being o
you cannot enioy her.
Brag. I am all theſe three.
Boy. And three times as much more, and yet
Boy. Fetch hither the Swaine he muſt carrie
Boy. A meſſage well ſympathis'd, a Horſe to b
for an Aſſe.
Brag. Ha, ha, What ſaiſt thou?
Boy. Marrie ſir, you muſt ſend the Aſſe vpo
he is verie ſlow gated: but I goe,
Brag. The way is but ſhort, away.
Boy. As ſwift as lead ſir.